And ſend out a Purſeuant for his maſter ſtraight,
Weele heere more of this thing before the King.

Exit with the Armorers man.

Now Sir, what's yours? Let me ſee it,
What's heere?
A complaint againſt the Duke of Suffolke, for encloſing the commons of long Melford.
How now ſir knaue.

1. *Petit.* I beſeech your Grace to pardon me, I am but a Meſſenger for the whole towne-ſhip.

He teares the Papers.

Suffolke. So now ſhew your petitions to Duke *Humfrey*.
Villaines get you gone, and come not neere the Court,
Dare theſe peſants write againſt me thus?

Exit Petitioners.

Queene. My Lord of Suffolke you may ſee by this,
The Commons loues vnto that haughty Duke,
That ſeekes to him more then to King *Henry*:
Whoſe eyes are alwaies poring on his booke,
And nere regards the honor of his name,
But ſtill muſt be protected like a childe,
And gouerned by that ambitious Duke,
That ſcarſe will mooue his cap to ſpeake to vs,
And his proud wife, high-minded *Elanor*,
That ruffles it with ſuch a troope of Ladies,
As ſtrangers in the Court take her for *Queene*:
She beares a Dukes whole reuennewes on her backe.
The other day ſhe vanted to her maides,
That the very traine of her worſt gowne,
Was worth more wealth then all my fathers landes.
Can any greeſe of minde belike to this?
I tell thee *Pole*, when thou didſt run at Tilt,
And ſtolſt away our Ladies hearts in France,
I thought King *Henry* had bene like to thee,
Or elſe thou hadſt not brought me out of France.

Suff. Madam, content your ſelfe a little while,
As I was cauſe of your comming into England,